

Historic, archived document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.

"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"

Episode #8.

() - ()
11:30 to 12:30 A.M. C. S. T. FEBRUARY 25, 1932 THURSDAY

Ladies and gentlemen, we present "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" -- (QUARTET, ETC.)

Once more, we look in on Forest Ranger Jim Robbins, and his new assistant, Jerry Quick. Jim Robbins, you will remember, is in charge of the Pine Cone Ranger District of the National Forest, entrusted with the job of keeping the forests green and growing for the use and benefit of the people of the United States.

Last week, Mary Halloway, who teaches the children at the little Winding Creek School, asked Ranger Jim to give a talk to the school children on George Washington's Birthday. It's too bad we were unable to tune in on that program, when Ranger Jim told about George Washington, the forester and tree planter. Our reports are that the kids enjoyed it immensely.

You will also remember that last week Jerry had an accident. His horse threw him, hurting his shoulder - although we are glad to say the injury was not serious. However, it seems that Mary Halloway was very much concerned, and has been a frequent caller at the Pine Cone Ranger Station all this week. We take you to the Station again today, where we find Ranger Jim coming into his office --

THE JOURNAL OF THE

ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

Volume 100, Part 1

The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute is a quarterly publication of the Royal Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. It is devoted to the publication of original research papers and reviews in the field of anthropology. The Journal is published by the Royal Society of London.

Editorial Board

The Journal is edited by Professor Sir John Huxley, who is also the President of the Royal Society. The Editorial Board consists of leading anthropologists from various countries. The Journal is published by the Royal Society of London.

Subscription Information

Subscriptions to the Journal are available to members of the Royal Anthropological Institute. The Journal is published quarterly. The subscription price is £100 per annum. The Journal is published by the Royal Society of London.

JIM: Well, Bess. I feel like a boy scout this morning.

BESS: Like a boy scout? How so?

JIM: I've already done my good turn for today.

BESS: That's why you were gone so long, I guess.---Well, what was the good turn?

JIM: I stopped in to see how old Harry Devonshire's getting along.

BESS: Oh, is he sick again?

JIM: No, but his wife is. I guess they're having rather a hard time. He can't find any work.

BESS: The poor old soul. I must go over and see her. I'll go today.

JIM: She'd appreciate it, Bess.---Well, anyhow, I noticed that Harry's woodpile was getting pretty low, so I gave him a free permit to cut some dead wood up on the forest.

BESS: Oh, but what use is a permit to him, Jim? He has no way of getting the wood home.

JIM: (chuckles) I fixed that, too, Bess. I got Sim Alford to promise he'd go up with the old man and haul back the wood with that light truck of his.

BESS: Yes, but even so, old Mr. Devonshire can't cut so much wood. He's not able to work very hard.

JIM: (chuckles) I thought of that too, Bess. I ran onto a couple of husky young school kids on the way back, so I got them interested in going up with the old man next Saturday and helping him cut the wood.

BESS: Well, I guess we can call it a good turn.

JIM: More than that, Bess. I'll be glad to get some of those old dead snags out up there. They're a bad fire hazard.

(PHONE RINGS)

JIM: Pine Cone Ranger Station --- Oh, hello, Al. What's your problem today? -- Yes, you have plenty of scaled timber, Al. I scaled a thousand logs on the upper landing yesterday. -- What -- They did? -- Well there's no two ways about it, Al, you'll have to get those skidders some spectacles so they can see my marks. Mixing scales and unscaled logs is a capital offense, you know -- That's fine, and while you are jacking them up for mixing the logs - just add a word about better decking. Those rollways are so ragged I couldn't reach some of the logs with my scale stick -- All right Al -- sure -- the big one? -- Well, we'll see-- all right, -- I'll be up shortly -- Good bye Al. (HANGS UP RECEIVER)

BESS: Going out, Jim?

JIM: Yes, I'll have to go up the timber sale this morning, Bess.

BESS: Will you be home for dinner?

JIM: No, I'll go over to camp and try some of Coffee John's good cooking.

BESS: Oh, You will! Perhaps you'd like to be one of Coffee John's regular boarders.

JIM: (Mock earnest) No, No, No. Bess, for steady diet, I guess I'm content to take chances with your offerings.

JERRY: (entering) I'll vote yes on that proposition, too.

BESS: Oh! Jerry, you startled me, I didn't hear you come in.
(all laugh)

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

JERRY: I'm osrry, Mrs. Robbins -- Say, Mr. Robbins, I've been out making friends with Zipper. He's not such a bad horse after all.

JIM: No, Zipper's a pretty good old cayuse. He sort of surprised me last week, piling you off the way he did.

JERRY: Gosh. He certainly surprised me. -- But this morning when I was petting him, he sort of nosed me real friendly like -- just as if he was trying to apologize for throwing me the other day. -- I've been slipping him a lump of sugar every now and then --

BESS: So that's why my sugar is disappearing so fast. I thought there must be a pack rat in the pantry.

JERRY: (Laughs) Guess I'm the pack rat, Mrs. Robbins. Well, never mind, I'll get you a nice big box of sugar next time I'm down at the store.

BESS: (bantering) You'd better, young man, if you're going to feed all my sugar to the horses that way.

JERRY: All right, Mrs. Robbins. You wait and see if I don't.

JIM: Hold him to it, Bess -- Say, Jerry, how's the shoulder today?

JERRY: Getting along fine, Mr. Robbins. Doesn't bother me at all, if I don't raise my arm.

JIM: That's good. (chuckles) It sure ought to heal up in a hurry with all the sympathy you've been getting.

JERRY: You have been mighty nice.

JIM: (chuckles) I was thinking specially about the school ma'm.

JERRY: Miss Halloway?

The first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the
the first of these is the fact that the

100

The second of these is the fact that the

100

The third of these is the fact that the

100

The fourth of these is the fact that the

100

The fifth of these is the fact that the

100

The sixth of these is the fact that the

100

The seventh of these is the fact that the

100

The eighth of these is the fact that the

100

The ninth of these is the fact that the

100

The tenth of these is the fact that the

100

The eleventh of these is the fact that the

100

The twelfth of these is the fact that the

100

The thirteenth of these is the fact that the

100

The fourteenth of these is the fact that the

100

The fifteenth of these is the fact that the

100

The sixteenth of these is the fact that the

100

The seventeenth of these is the fact that the

100

The eighteenth of these is the fact that the

100

The nineteenth of these is the fact that the

100

The twentieth of these is the fact that the

100

The twenty-first of these is the fact that the

100

The twenty-second of these is the fact that the

100

JIM: Of course. There you go, trying to look innocent -- Mary's taken her job of nurse so seriously I was beginning to doubt whether that shoulder would ever get well.

JERRY: Oh, now! It's not as bad as that.

JIM: (slyly) She certainly seems concerned about it -- Day before yesterday when she came in, I thought she was coming to tell me whether the kids recovered from the flow of words I gave 'em at the school on Washington's Birthday. But darned if she didn't go breezing right past me so fast I hardly had time to say "howdy-do" and on she went, looking for you. (laughs).

JERRY: Well, she told me she thought your talk was fine. I thought it was, too.

BESS: It was good, Jim. I noticed some of the children getting fidgety while the first part of the program was going on, but after you got to talking they were all attention.

JIM: (chuckles) I guess I was the one doing the fidgeting.

JERRY: You didn't look like you minded it.

JIM: No? Well, as a matter of fact, I sort of enjoyed it. The kids seem so anxious to learn about trees and forests, and how to protect them. Somebody ought to teach 'em.

JERRY: Yes. All school kids ought to have a chance to learn something about forestry.

JIM: (bantering) Says the old and experienced authority on the subject. (chuckles) -- Well, you're right at that, Jerry. These youngsters wouldn't have to go very far to be an improvement on their elders of this generation when it comes to causing forest fires.

JERRY: I should say not.

JIM: Anyhow, what I started to ask you a while back was:
Can you handle a scale stick today? The skidders have
covered up the scaled logs on the upper landing and Al
Perkins can't load them. It's an uphill job for one
scaler on a mess of mixed logs. -- So if that shoulder
isn't too bad for you to work one side of the rollways --

JERRY: Sure, I can do that all right.

JIM: I'll number the logs and handle the stamping hammer.

JERRY: All right, Mr. Robbins.

JIM: Maybe we'll have a chance to see something interesting
while we're up there.

JERRY: What is it?

JIM: Al's talking about falling the big pine by the cook
house today. It'll be a ticklish job of falling, - and
one of the biggest trees you ever saw go down.

JERRY: The big one? Say, that would be a sight!

JIM: Yep. It's quite a crash when one of those big ones
drop. -- Well, let's be on our way.

JERRY: Okay, Mr. Robbins. I'll get my mackinaw.

JIM: Don't forget your scale stick.

JERRY: All right, sir.

(DOG BARKS)

JIM: Well, Rex. You want to go along? Sorry, old boy, you
can't go this time. -- You keep Rex here, will you Boss?
It isn't very good for dogs to be where they're falling
timber.

BEES: No, Rex. Down. You can't go, Rex.

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
1200 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10036
The following books are on deposit with the Library
of the New York Public Library, Astor Lenox Tilden Foundation
and are available for reference use only. They are not
to be loaned out of the Library.

1. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1900-1901*
2. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1901-1902*
3. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1902-1903*
4. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1903-1904*

5. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1904-1905*
6. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1905-1906*
7. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1906-1907*
8. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1907-1908*

9. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1908-1909*
10. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1909-1910*
11. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1910-1911*
12. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1911-1912*

13. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1912-1913*
14. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1913-1914*
15. *Report of the New York State Board of Regents
on the State of Education, 1914-1915*

JIM: Here, wait, Jerry. I'll help you on with the mackinaw.

BESS: Yes. Help him, Jim, so he won't hurt his shoulder getting it on.

JIM: There you are -- All set?

JERRY: All ready -- Good bye, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Keep bundled up warm, Jerry, won't you? And you, too, Jim.

JERRY: Sure.

JIM: (with him) Of course -- well, so long, Bess. (going off)
We'll be back late this afternoon.

BESS: Don't you boys be late for supper.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Well, that finishes up this rollway. How many does your check count show?

JERRY: 436 logs.

JIM: Something's wrong, scale book shows 438. Did you count the 2 skidway logs on the ground?

JERRY: Oh, no, I forgot those.

JIM: Well, that makes it -- These boys are taking out timber pretty fast.

JERRY: They certainly are.

JIM: The best part about it, though, is that they're doing as clean and neat a job of cutting as you could ask for. Low stumps, careful falling, all the slash piled up neat. Al Perkins is a mighty efficient logging boss.

JERRY: They are doing a good job, aren't they?

JIM: Yeah. If we can just keep fire out of this area now, we'll get maximum growth here. These young trees'll just shoot right up.

JERRY: They sure will -- Here comes Al Perkins now.

JIM: Sure enough -- Well, Al. Speak of the devil and he turns right up.

PERKINS: (coming up) The devil, huh. Who's a devil?

JIM: Well, of course I ain't mentioning any names, but we were just talking about you.

PERKINS: Oh, me? Well, you better show proper respect for his majesty, the devil, then.

JIM: (Chuckles) We were. We were just remarking what a rotten logger you are.

PERKINS: Thanks. How are you as a marker?

JIM: The world's best.

PERKINS: All right then. Why didn't you mark that big tree by the corner of the cook house?

JIM: I did mark it. You were just too blind to see the marks, that's all.

PERKINS: Well, to tell the truth, Jim, I saw 'em all right. She should've come down before we put up the shanties but I kinda hated to see 'er go. Makes a pretty camp, with that big old pine standing there and I thought we would have a little shade.

JIM: Well, you've got a tough job of falling on your hands now, Al, with all the shanties in the way.

PERKINS: I've got the boys that can do it, though. I'll put my boys up against any logging crew in the country.

JIM: Let's go look the situation over -- Come on, Jerry.

JERRY: Coming, Mr. Robbins -- Say, are they really going to cut that big pine tree down? Gosh, it's a dandy. I like to look at that tree every time I go to camp.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

THE EFFECT OF VITAMIN DEFICIENCY ON THE
GROWTH OF THE RAT
J. H. HOLLAND, JR., and J. H. HOLLAND, JR.

JIM: It ought to come out, Jerry. Ever notice the spike top and those dead stubs of branches down through the crown? Indicates rot. Now that the trees around it have been cut it isn't very wind-firm.

PERKINS: It's got to come out all right. The next good wind'll topple 'er sure. Old Coffe John's getting skittish about it, every time there's a little breeze he gets a case of nerves. And when the cook's on a rampage the whole camp goes haywire.

JIM: (chuckles) John sure puts the Indian sign on the crew when he gets cranky.

PERKINS: Well, there's your tree. What do you think, Jim?

JIM: Hmmm. -- Not much room to fall 'er. -- Let's see -- I'd say about your only chance would be to lay 'er between the cook house and that bunkhouse over there -- It'll be ticklish business, Al.

PERKINS: Hank and his pardners can do it, all right -- (calls) Hey, there! -- tell Hank to come over here, will you?

JERRY: If that tree ever hits the cook house, it'll be good night.

PERKINS: It sure would - Tell, here's Hank.

HANK: (coming up) Want me, Al?

PERKINS: Yeah, Say, Hank, can you fall that big pine tree between the cook house and the bunk shanty there?

HANK: I sure can, boss.

PERKINS: All right. Get your outfit -- You'll have to figure pretty doggone close if you miss that cook house, Hank.

HANK: Yeah. (dubiously) She leans a little that way, don't she?

PERKINS: You'll have to put your under-cut about here.

JIM: Well, Al. If he don't fall 'er right this time you'll have to put up a new cook house.

JERRY: And get a new cook too.

PERKINS: Well, what do you think, Hank? Can you swing the job?

HANK: I kin do a good job a-trying'.

PERKINS: Awright. Let's see you do it.

HANK: Awright. (calls) Ole, fetch that long saw and them big wedges.

PERKINS: How big is hse, Jim?

JIM: Pretty close to 6 feet breast high.

PERKINS: She won't go 6 feet.

JERRY: I can soon settle that argument. Here, somebody hold the end of this diameter tape while I go 'round the tree. -- Just 70 inches in diameter.

JIM: I thought it was pretty close to 6 feet.

PERKINS: I told you she wasn't 6 feet. Lacks two inches -- Pretty sizeable tree at that. What'll she scale, Jim?

JIM: (chuckling) You're bound to get me into an argument ain't you? Well let's see - she'll scale, 8,000 feet.

PERKINS: No, too high -- Your figuring on running me way up in that top and she's all rotten up there. Man alive! look at them dead branches.

JIM: Well look at those butt cuts. There's where the board feet are - That first log will scale twenty five hundred feet and there's six more sixteens on top of it before you get to that big limb. They'll average up better'n 1,000 feet apiece. You can figure it out for yourself.

PERKINS: Well mebbe you're right, Jim, maybe your right. Hey you, go in and tell Coffee John to clear out of that shanty. Hank's going to throw this tree right down on top of him.

HANK: Oh yeah?

(SOUND OF CHOPPING)

JERRY: There they go on the undercut. - It's -- it's kind of a shame to see a big tree like that go, isn't it?

JIM: It does raise a little lump in your throat, when you think how she's been standing there for centuries -- Of course, Al here, the old skinflint, is rubbing his hands together in glee thinking how many board feet of logs he's going to get every time a big tree goes down. But us foresters get sort of sentimental now and then, in spite of ourselves.

PERKINS: I kinda hate to see 'em go down myself, Jim.

JIM: We've got to be practical, though. Timber is for use, and the best use of this area right in here is to grow more timber, and keep on growing it.

JERRY: I guess that's right. We've got to give the young trees a chance.

JIM: That's it, Jerry. Just as old timers like me have to be turned out to grass some day to make room for youngsters like you.

JERRY: Oh, no, Mr. Robbins. Not for a long time yet --

PERKINS: Hank's sure doing some close squinting, ain't he?

JIM: (chuckles) He'll need to.

PERKINS: Ain't you getting that cut a little too fur over Hank?

HANK: Well, do yuh want me to cut it, Al?

PERKINS: Awright. She's all yours, but if you put 'er across that shanty I'll take it out of your pay.

HANK: I betcha a new hat I don't hit the shanty.

PERKINS: You're on. Go to it. (aside close up to Jim) I'd sooner set him up to a new hat than have him put that tree in the wrong spot.

JIM: How about another bet she scales 8,000 feet?

PERKINS: Say, what d'yuh think I'm running - a hat store?

JIM: (laughs) Well Jerry, we can't do any business and we'll freeze to death standing around here. Let's go into the office and add up the scale books. Have you got a fire in there Al?

PERKINS: Yeah, so ahead, it's good and warm there.

(CHOPPING CEASES)

JERRY: But I want to see the tree fall. They've finished the undercut.

(SOUND OF CROSS CUT SAW)

JIM: Lots of time, lad. We might as well be getting something done. They'll be sawing on the tree for quite a spell.

(FADEOUT WITH THE SWISH OF THE SAW)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

(SOUND OF SAW - CONTINUES THROUGH FOLLOWING)

JIM: Well, Al. How they coming?

PERKINS: Just about through the tree, Jim.

JIM: If Hank don't fall 'er just right, it'll sure do a lot of damage. That tree could take a corner off the cookhouse awfully easy.

PERKINS: You're durned right -- The cook -- Coffee John --
he's all for taking a day off. He figures the cook
shanty is as good as gone already.

JIM: (Laughs) Don't trust you fellows, huh?

PERKINS: Don't look like it!

JERRY: Well, it is a matter of pretty close figuring, all right.

JIM: So it is, Jerry.

PERKINS: (shouts) Watch 'er, Hank! She's beginning to sway!

(SAWING STOPS)

HANK: Hey! Get the saw out, Ole! I'm goin' to drive the wedges.

(SOUND OF DRIVING STEEL WEDGES, CONTINUES TO TIME OF FIRST CRACK)

JERRY: It won't be long now! -- Look at 'er sway!

PERKINS: We'd better get back, Jim. They're driving in the
wedges to topple 'er.

JIM: (Shouts) Jerry! Come back here, young fellow! If that
tree ever hit you it'd drive you straight through to
China.

JERRY: (coming back) All right, Mr. Robbins -- I didn't want to
miss anything.

PERKINS: (loudly) Watch 'er boys!

(SHARP CRACK: SOUND OF MEN'S VOICES IN DISTANCE)

JERRY: There she goes!

PERKINS: Timber! -- Timber-r-r-!

OTHER VOICE: (in distance) Timber-r-r-----Timber-r-r-!

JERRY: Gosh! Look at the men scatter.

JIM: Good bye, old timer! Look at 'er going over -- slow and
majestic --

JERRY: It's fater, now! -- Faster --- Gee!

(SOUND OF SEVERAL SHARP CRACKS, THEN SWISH OF TOP THROUGH AIR,
AND GREAT CRASH. REVERBERATIONS CONTINUE SEVERAL SECONDS)

JERRY: Gee, what a crash! It shook the ground like an earthquake!

JIM: Never touched the cook house! -- (calls) Good work, boys! Yes, sir, That's good work!

JERRY: Gee! Did you see the dirt and rocks fly up, though!

PERKINS: Well -- that's over.

JIM: You've still got your cookhouse, Al -- Well, another old giant hit the dust -- Quite a sight, huh, Jerry?

JERRY: That was a sight! She sure was a whopper of a tree. And look at that top. It broke all to pieces.

JIM: Well, Al, she's sound as a dollar. You'll get seven good logs Al. Maybe eight.

PERKINS: Yeah. She's sounder than I thought. Next time you come up we'll have the logs ready for you to scale.

JIM: Okay. Well, Jerry that's the biggest tree you'll see go down in this forest for a long time.

JERRY: I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars. A fellow has to know his business to fell a tree like that.

JIM: Yes. Every job has its specialists. No matter what your job is you've got to know your business, Jerry.

(FADEOUT)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

ANNOUNCER: We leave our friends here. But they will be with us again next Thursday at this same hour, when we shall continue the story of Forest Ranger Jim - and Jerry, his young assistant.

One of the hardest jobs our forest rangers have is to correlate the many uses of land and timber that make up a national forest. Areas for which the best use is furnishing timber to help supply the nation's needs are dedicated to growing successive crops of timber. It was on such an area that we saw Jim and Jerry today. Other areas for which the highest use is recreation, or grazing, or the preservation of scenic beauty, are dedicated to those uses. Very often one area can serve several of these uses at the same time. It may, for instance, furnish supplies of timber under careful cutting plans, and at the same time protect a watershed, provide a home for wild life and a place for camping and outdoor recreation. But the U.S. Forest Service, in its administration of the national forests, must plan carefully, and with a long look ahead. The keynote of national forest administration is service in behalf of public welfare by developing the best use of the timber, water, land, and forage contained in the forests. The motto of the Forest Service is "The greatest good to the greatest number in the long run."

"Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" is a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, in cooperation with the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture.

The role of Forest Ranger Jim Robbins is played by
Harvey Hays. Others in today's cast were:

is
February 18, 1932.

